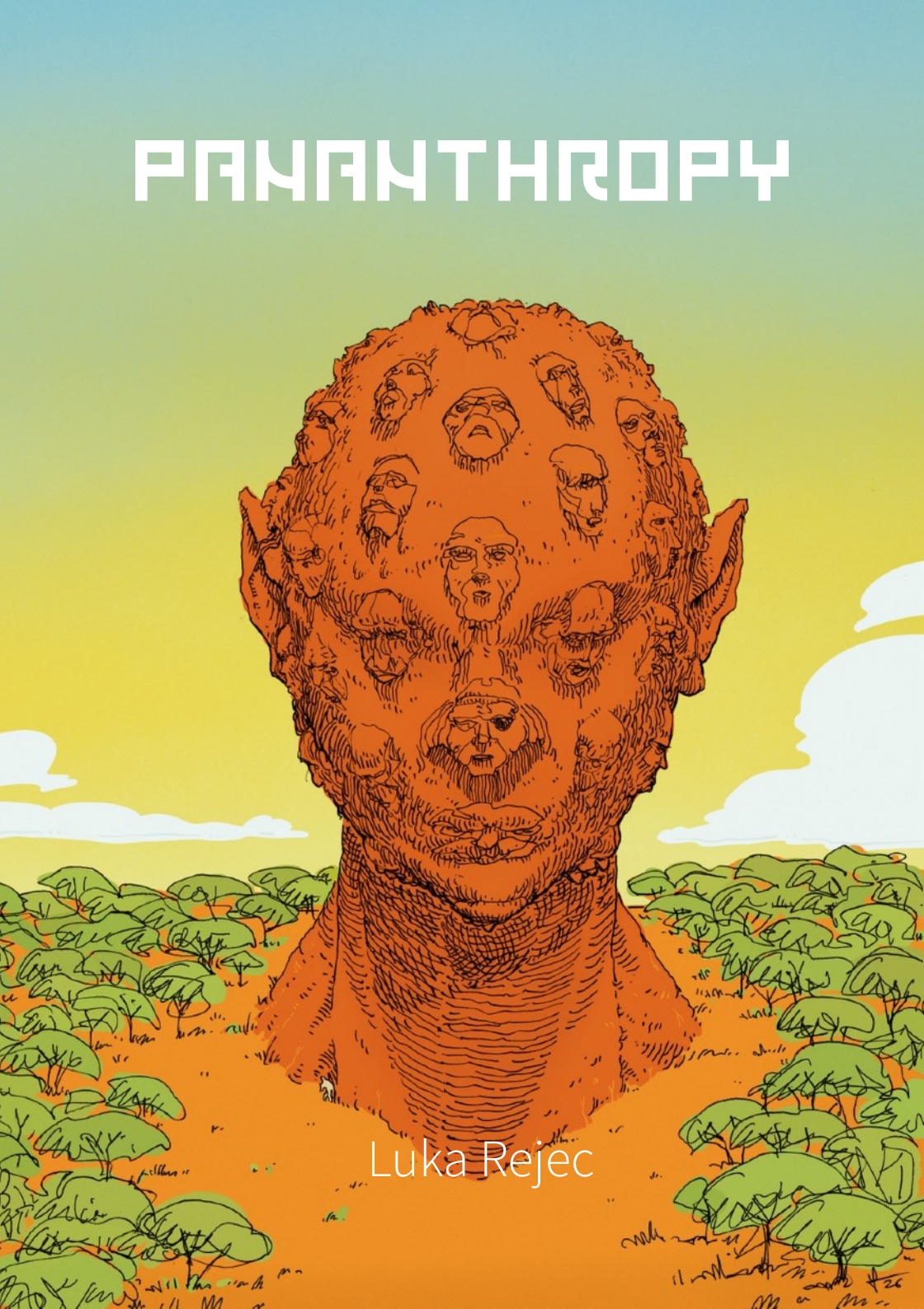
PANANTHROPY



Luka Rejec

Pananthropy

The List of All Humans

SDM codex 2

v0.9 “gold tunicate”

Being an ennumeration of Humans to identify as Friends and Foes for the SDM roleplaying system and the UVG postchronological setting.

https://www.patreon.com/wizardthieffighter

α

“For the Best Humans.”

The Heroes of the Stratometaship and the Backers of Our Golden Age made this zine possible. Thank you.

ω

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INTRA, HOMO

The old clacker paced and clicked before the yellowing projection canvas set up in front of the ornate, well-clouded screen. Step, click. Step, click. Step, swivel on electromechanical leg, stop.

She raised a skeletal hand, the robes of learning swirling like a flock of ragged ravens, and summoned illumination.

A dust-scored fiche projection flared across the canvas, a depiction of the "*Marches and Demarches of Man*". Beads rattled and mouths droned a supplication to the Preserver.

The clacker's hand dropped and her eyes bored into the gloom of the aula, glinting green in the projector's glare.

"All creatures of this Given World, this N Soil, are of two groups. The creatures protected by the Dream Canopy, the Lords of Creation, the Gods-to-be-Feared, are called Humans, in all their polymorph variety. The creatures outside the Garden's grace are called Beasts, regardless of their simulated sentience."

She cleared her throat and the illuminator cranked the projector to the next fiche.

CATEGORY AND FORM

A projection of the "*The Quartering of Humanity*" blossomed on the canvas, like a social chirurgeon's flat lay of the many aspects of the Modern Man, minds and organs, bones and faces structured on a grid defined by the axes of Canopic Category, that is distance from the Lords' Plan, and Manifest Form, that is distance from the baseline of Seed Humanity.

The clacker's eyes closed and she groaned, then resumed.

"You have seen this butcher's bill of human diversification. You have recited the Perfectly Combined lists. You have wondered, harbored secret evil doubts, about why the *List of All Humans—the Pananthropy*—rests uneasy, mixing soul and face and shape and caste."

The pause stretched out, the projector's cooling fan rattled. A stylus fell to the floor and robes rustled as heads turned to find the miscreant student. The clacker cut the recriminations short.

"To properly understand the Humans you see and meet, teach and dissect, you must be able to hold Inconsistency in your mind. The Categories and Forms are aids to thought, not Truth, not Tradition. By knowing where and how a Human fits into your purpose, you gain more than by pinning them onto a biomancer's table."

The clacker's robes settled and her voice chewed on, like gears grinding gristle.

"The Categories and Forms are imperfect *tools* to help you place dividuals, to make them useful."

HORTLINGS AND WASTRELIERS

The next fiche cranks onscreen, displaying the beloved 'Pyramid of Social Obligations'.

"First, we turn to the *Yellow Book of the Remaining Categories*, and examine the Hortlings, the Humans of the Garden, those Categories once-Blessed to dwell in the Garden of Humanity's Eternal Path."

COMMONALITIES

Jewel Mind. There is an jewel in your brain, recording your mind as you live. When you die, it can be used to transfer you to a new body if you were good or punish you in a synthetic hell if you were bad, so be good for goodness' sake. [It is estimated that only 1-in-10 Hortlings now have a working jewel, but this can only be ascertained after the jewel is physically extracted.]

Noösphere Net. There is a second nervous system in your body that connects you to the local noösphere and lets you access all manner of entertainments. It can also be used to tele-operate your body. Most local noöspheres are currently down for maintenance, but they will be restored shortly. [Only 1-in-20 Hortlings now have a working noösphere net.]

The fiche cranks again and the Pyramid disappears to be replaced by the ‘Funnel of Damnation’.

“Now, we proceed to the *Orange Book of the Sinners* to examine the Categories classified as Wastreliers, the Apostates of the Garden, the Betrayers of Heavens, the Cause of our Fall.”

COMMONALITIES

1-in-20 Wastreliers still have a working jewel (see Hortlings).

1-in-12 Wastreliers have a working noösphere net (see Hortlings).

Brain Shackle. Your mind is under a hereditary lockdown after re-education. You cannot think like a machine, access the noösphere, use oldtech, or think bad thoughts about the Lords. [only 1-in-10 Wastreliers now have a functional brain shackle.]

FINES

lephines, alphas

First, we recite the Fines, or Lephines, for their name comes from the archaic Aleph that always was the Foremost of Words just as the Fines were the Foremost of humans to accept the Garden Path into their hearts and thus be blessed by Fortune and Grace to occupy the finest social positions.

All civilized humans aspire to be Lephines, but few succeed; much sacrifice, conspicuous consumption, and extravagant inheritance is required. Today, with the Lords silent, local lephines are chosen by sundry means: heredity, lottery, pageantry, elections, poetry, translational cannibalism, autogolem races, and roleplaying dance.

IN ATTRIBUTE

Level	3 (1d4*+1)	**Number**	1 or a perfection of 1d4
Life	20 (+5 per level)	**Aspect**	elevated, elite, elongated, ethereal
Morale	4 (self-preserving)	**Call**	electromagnetic, musical with repetitive motion
Defense	19 (forcefield fabrics, swirling hardlight)	**Desire**	restore the perfection of the lost days
Bonus	+8	**Ethic**	divine, meritorious
Damage	1d12 oldtech radiances	**Mind**	swift, skipping, singing, unattached, un-un-un
Special	Resistant to disease, oldtech, demons, and disruptions of the ego. Favored by the machine daemons and servants of the Builders.	**Spoils**	bearer bond-pearls (€500 to €50,000), exoticwear (€100 to €1,000), rare face (€15,000)

IN CHARACTER

Blessed State. When you spend a hero die, you roll larger (d8 instead of d6). Once per session, automatically succeed at a social interaction with a lesser human instead of rolling.

LOOK, SO FINE!

1. Holy child, exalted by their astrological magnificence and worshiped as a living prayer.
2. Blessed virgin showered with lands and royalties.
3. Traditional corpocrat figurehead, their skin a lustrous bronze, their hair a halo of gold, their eyes empty as stars.
4. Shadowy eminence, their gray skin older than bones, their mind sharper than a dozen razors.
5. Celebrity artist, whose every word drips with hidden meanings and complex innuendos.
6. Noble demilord, halfway ascended, ensconced in a world of palaces, balls, regattas, and mock battles.

… YET, BENEATH ITS GILT VENEER

1. Consumed by gnawing insecurity, a shadow self eating at its spirit, lying to its mind.
2. Gluttonous, hungry, a maw demanding satisfaction.
3. Heartless, lacking spirit, dependent on intravenous soul juice to even lift their pallid body from its throne.
4. Afraid of all, itself most of all, and a demoniac clock ticking, a bell tolling within its dreams.
5. Bereft of desire or hope, so old beneath its veneer, so unable to forget its misdeeds.
6. Base decay, a corruption of its flesh, a failure of its existence, a future of mindless terror beckons.

REFINED HOOKS

1. Grand Intern Vy Disebé. Clad in failing skin and flesh, seeks younger bodies to wear. Claims to remember the Long Long Ago. Buys oldtech biomagics at triple price.
2. Prime Apostrophe Tele van Oscul. Drowning in debt, is selling off his genetic treasures—many of which are illegal.
3. First Primate Naga t' Yavati. Obsessed with his history and self-ascendance, funds archaeoanthropological cranks.
4. Senior President Laminata XXI. Bored by privilege, pays for expeditions to find a love that will restore their spark.
5. Elevated Hierarch Ten Odd Pilot. Murdered three times by strange forces. Convinced a curse is in play.
6. Over Citizen Sciumo de Palpumo. A closet revolutionary, scheming to overturn the stifling order and lead humanity to new freedom under their popular rule.

… AND FINER PAYOFFS

1. Scuffed body to replace your current one (€5,000). It is fine beyond most genetic prayers. Replaces your physical ability scores (roll 1d4+2 for each). Ka-ba transfer takes 1d4 weeks.
2. Ornate title in a ghost-wijk. Attend once a month to administer justice to the wind and gain €1d6 x 100.
3. Week's visit to the Inquisition's forbidden archive. A chance to learn something quite forgotten.
4. Biomantic augmentation to improve your looks (+1 cha) or your health (+1 end).
5. Token of the finer life (grants +3 life and +1 ward). Spend to get out of jail free.
6. Genetic ennoblement to the status of Better. Comes with an automatic basic income of €10/week.

BETTERS

betas, sickles

Next, we recite the Betters, their name come from the archaic Beta that follows Aleph and means House in one of the Feedstock Language of Babel; a fitting tribute name for the middle castes of humans suitably adjusted to the Garden Path.

In better times, the Betters formed the Bulk of the civilized lands' managerial population, celebrating lives of cutthroat consumerist competition to prove their worth.

In these later times, their fierce envies and fiery insecurities uphold the codes and mores of Rainbowland society more fiercely than could a thousand packs of the Lords' Own Hounds, their trained trained brains substitute human calculators for dead machines and failed thought generators.

IN ATTRIBUTE

Level	2 (1d4)	**Number**	a team of 1d6 (or 2d4+1)
Life	12 (+4 per level)	**Aspect**	dedicated, indoctrinated, studious, vicious
Morale	6 (civilian)	**Call**	bureaucratic, codified, precise, polished
Defense	15 (synthskin suit, ceramic hardpatches)	**Desire**	recognition, reward, retirement, freedom
Bonus	+5	**Ethic**	toil and order
Damage	1d8 peace-maintenance automatics and blades	**Mind**	methodical, trained, cool, reliable
Special	Resistant to doubt, heartbreak, false lies, and alien propaganda. Bonus when protecting the status quo from upheaval or invasion.	**Spoils**	amulet of entitlement (€35 per week), anonymous fashions (€20 to €100), spectacles of approved truths (€100)

IN CHARACTER

Fitted Cog. At home in the system, you gain +3 when working with other Betters or following protocol. Once per session, automatically navigate a bureaucratic or other complex system to achieve a desired outcome.

BEHOLD, A BETTER!

1. Sanitation and war brigade chief, dedicated to keeping the pipes clean and their purse filled.
2. Academic administrator who proudly serves as a talking head on the nightly inquisition chat shows.
3. Temple keeper who ensures the ritual sacrifices are performed on time to appease the Lords.
4. Ceremonial quartermaster who preserves and oils the old golems of the town's militia.
5. Linguistic sanitizer who removes blasphemies from the official town chronicles.
6. Human calculator responsible for the appropriation and redivision of taxes in kind.

… YET, BEHIND THE MASKED VISAGE

1. Unfulfilled desires of a career in stage poetry curdled to cold, slow hatred and bitter resentment.
2. Gnawing anguish at decaying mental faculties, a grasping turn to superstition and quack remedies.
3. Sorrow at a child sacrificed as tradition required kindles a flame of rebellion tended in their secret heart.
4. Hollowness at rites drained of meaning by centuries of venal carelessness feeds a nihilistic debauchery.
5. Impish perversity in squirreling anonymous doggerel and ritual codes of sabotage into small places.
6. Flame of ambition unquenched by the base source codes assigned to their corporeal form feeds a thirst for occult fantasciences and all-chemical perversions.

BETTER HOOKS

1. Corden Saniter 23bis. The inquisitors are on their tail. Their corruption will be exposed. They need a patsy.
2. Semilli Denc Wester. Their junior has made them a laughingstock. How to discretely poison their career?
3. Shal Duwratu. Their organization's budget has been cut again. They hope to find or buy an original documentary relic to justify their cause. Authenticity is secondary.
4. Horto Naruotah 303. Needing to fund their offspring's wedding, they are discretely fencing their facility's supplies.
5. Nutra 'ya Uma. They are receiving coded messages in their memos. Prophecies that keep coming true. Is this a demon or an angel talking to them? They need oracular help.
6. Samo 'or Volle. Found a clone-vending conspiracy and were framed for their efforts. Seek vengeance and a clear name.

… AND DECENT REWARDS

1. Brain worm augment (+1 thought). Susceptible to propaganda music.
2. Priority lane pass for the local roads. Travel faster with system authority.
3. An old ambassador class protocol golem (L2, gilded). Fix it up (€1,000) to get a useful friend of many languages.
4. Lordscanner Mk 3 to detect traces of noösphere and divine communication networks (spend 1 life to scan a room).
5. Gilded holo-print of the Avatar of the First Minister. Looks snazzy. Grants +1 aura to system-friends in one room.
6. Illogic trap. Semi-sentient paperwork designed to waste a target's time (save or lose a few hours).

HAMMERS

gammas, lessers

Last of the blessed are the Hammers, from the archaic Gamma, who despite their lesser status are graced by the ambition and merit to remain on the Garden Path and not succumb to the Fog of Futility or the other demons that claim these late humans.

Once they filled out the serving classes, now most deny their ancestors were ever a member of this category, though their low stature and coarse-woven flesh still mark their destinies.

IN ATTRIBUTE

Level	1 (1d3)	**Number**	a posse of 2d6
Life	8 (+4 per level)	**Aspect**	sturdy, impassive
Morale	7 (common)	**Call**	droning, grumbling, mumbling, hissing
Defense	12 (pleather jerkin, printed pantskirts)	**Desire**	suppressed, twisted, worried, violent
Bonus	+3	**Ethic**	subversive
Damage	1d4 maintenance tools	**Mind**	passive, distracted, angry, sad
Special	Resistant to boredom, discomfort, and hard questions. Shorter-lived due to planned obsolescence.	**Spoils**	nutrislurry chit (daily rations), illegal amusement vidy (€5), stolen jewelry (€25)

IN CHARACTER

Stakhanovite. Adapted to the toil, you gain +1 to all your physical abilities and -1 to all your mental abilities. Your mental abilities cannot exceed 3. When you spend a hero die on a physical test, you double your strength and endurance for 1 round *and* you may reroll any die once and take the better result—desperation fuels a breakthrough.

THUS YOU WILL KNOW THIS HAMMER!

1. Maintainer consumed by pride and grand ideas, they would rise above their station in the settlement's bowels.
2. An acedic, unconcerned with their position and unwilling to perform their duties. A debased false-artist.
3. Volatile street fighter driven by rage. A throwback to a time of soldiers and wars.
4. Worshipper of the Invisible Hand, marked by greed as a Gamma, accumulating illegal coin and twisted favors.
5. Servant, given to envy at their Betters and their Lephines. Fear and a lack of imagination keeps them in their place.
6. Gluttonous chef, promised to the Eater in Darkness. That is the only way to explain their success.

… YET, WHERE DO THEY STRIKE IN THE DARK?

1. Too foolish to understand futility, they ignore the Garden Path and try new things. Very nearly heresy, this!
2. In their languor they overlook the commands of the broken machine and make their own way in the world.
3. Still, with the Guardians asleep, there is a use for a strong arm, a cunning mind, a sharp-kniving knave.
4. Willing to trade with debased out-Garden merchants, little more than beasts, they have amassed a fortune of sorts.
5. In the dark they plot and ferret and compile, a little book of secrets, a small cache of stolen treasures.
6. There are orders of humanity outside the Canopic Categories, ghouls and fools, who offer uplift to those willing to engage in inhuman rites … and everyone knows the Hammers are without Honor.

HOOKS FOR HAMMERS

1. Makdu ‘Roadworks’. Beneath the old roads, found a prophecy of mental bonds broken. The Fines will hate this.
2. Jarl ‘Kibbles’. The nutrislurry has run dry. There are rumors of a horror in the autovats. The authority blames laziness.
3. ‘Knucklestones’. A dead noble, its face bashed in. Obviously it must have been a Hammer fist-fighter. Obviously.
4. Churn ‘Sumpservant’. A plague is claiming Hammers like flies and an out-of-town Lich is offering to restore them as cheaper undead workers. Coincidence?
5. Fern ‘Turnprotein’. A brain-enhancing fungus has infected the potato crop. Fern is uplifted and seeks to uplift others.
6. Dang ‘Ladderhand’. Decanted from an icevat, Dang can operate an “elevation engine” on the Ladder of Heaven. This is heresy in this modern era! Dang must hide to live.

… AND PALTRY REWARDS

1. Embraced by the Gammas. Clothed and fed and protected by the community. Unseen by the system.
2. Bond of Toil. For a life saved, a life pledged. An honor-friend (L2, simple), a bruise-face fighter by your side.
3. Their Last Coin (€1). They have nothing else. Keep in a pocket. Sacrifice to stop a killing shot or arrow.
4. Overlooked master. Animal husbandry, house building, golem repair, cookery, gardening, farming, ruinland survival, or another such skill. They want to teach you.
5. Salvaged evidence. A record-vidy of a noble’s corruption. This can ruin them—or you can sell it for €1d6 x 1,000.
6. Pet Ludd (L1, canine). A lucky aug-puppy, no certificate. It rerolls failed saves. Deals x2 damage to machines.

MEGAS

omegas, huskfolk

First of the cursed are the Megas, from the archaic Omega—last of words and end of thoughts. They succumbed to the Fog of [redacted], surrendered life in the Given World and embraced the illusion of the Synthetic Dream. Useless now to the Garden Path, it was a kindness of the Bliss Lord Soma to give them endless pleasures of the imagination that they could forget a world that no longer gave them truth.

Once, whole armies of golems cared for towns of white sleeperies where the Megas lay stacked like so many dreaming bundles. Now few remain and rare are the towns rich enough to support the Huskfolk in the comfort they once knew.

In the Green Land, sarcotrephs yet maintain many bodies until their allotted recycling of spirit and body. In the Orange Land, post-mortal lords use the Megas' corporeal forms for labor while their minds wander in the Bliss Lord's Gift.

IN ATTRIBUTE

Level	0 (1d4*-3)	**Number**	a stack of 2d10
Life	3 (+3 per level)	**Aspect**	sturdy, impassive
Morale	11 (bliss-dreaming)	**Call**	breathing, moaning, chuckling, farting
Defense	7 (printed sleepcaul)	**Desire**	pleasure, diversion
Bonus	+0	**Ethic**	hedonic
Damage	1d3 soft limbs	**Mind**	escapist, avoidant
Special	Hollow mind stores one trait or power per life point for retrieval by an external agent.	**Spoils**	procedurally generated trivia (€1), brain-stored historical archives (€5–50), mindless replacement body (€500–2,000)

IN CHARACTER

Lost Dreamer. Your mind dwells in the Bliss Lord's Gift. You are immune to pain and mental attacks, but cannot act without external direction. Your mind can store traits, powers, or knowledge (one per life point) for others to access and use.

IN ITEM

Sleepcaul. Biomechanical shroud that keeps a body alive for years, bathed in nurturing fluids, massaged by rotating organelles, fed recycled nutrislurry, cleansed by animalcules.

OH, ANOTHER MEGA

1. Shell-man, wired into old machinery, their vacant brain additional storage for the town's archives.
2. Living zombie, their consciousness consumed by virtual pleasures as their mortal form works away for the patron paying for their processing costs.
3. Docile body, massaged every day as it dreams, keeping its organs healthy for its clone-sibling.
4. Human battery, their soul virtually exercised to keep it strong, ready for the soul mill.
5. Freshly succumbed, stumbling, mind half-gone, deluded that all existence is but a simulated purgatory.
6. Infected by an anti-me, their ego collapsing into itself, strange machines coursing through their flesh. The vome catchers will have them soon.

… ANOTHER USELESS HUSK

1. Manchurian code eating away at their mind, replacing it with subversive plans.
2. In its Dreams, a level 900 Rational King commanding the IXth army to sweep away the Fleshgod Apocalypse.
3. Kept dreaming with illegal drugs, a false Mega.
4. Hard at work in the noösphere, rebuilding a Long Long Ago fictional world where Humans ruled over Machine Lords.
5. Prey for nihilistic mind worms, a psychic bomb waiting to explode, a doom vector for a still-vibrant town.
6. Seeking enlightenment, left alone they will awake in time, a better person. If only their independent thoughts do not trigger a pre-emptive re-education brain shackling.

MEGA TEMPTATIONS

1. Ambal ‘Powergrid’. The plant’s last maintainer has gone to Fog. In a few days the power will fail and 200 Megas will rot.
2. Teffin Teffin Yaga. The map to the buried treasure lies in the soma-dreaming mind of the Pirate Corpocrat’s daughter.
3. K’Anton Bleu. A mind-worm has mutated, creating one consciousness that wears 12 bodies like a glove. It would jump ship, escape the sleepery, and spread further.
4. Salc va’ Ansill. Sleepcauls are needed for a long trip. This poor town, surely they’d decant some Megas for coin.
5. Dorc Ressentimelle. A Lord’s sleepery and its 20 husks will help pay his debts. But what of the sleepers?
6. Jadu ‘Coinfriend’. What meaning life? Farewell, dull world. In 3 days they will take the Dream. Are they your friend?

… AND PALTRY REWARDS

1. A life well-lived. Yes, a synthetic dream memory, but quite captivating. Would sell as a vidy-novel (€100 per month).
2. Brain jewels (€2,000 each) for the taking. Those sleepies won’t budge. Just use the chisel-n-scoop technique.
3. Hacked sleepcaul. Plug it into a cargo gall and wake each morning fed, cleaned, and massaged. Temporary +1 to a physical ability score each morning. Worth €2,500.
4. Harvested hair (€300, 3 sacks). Look, the sleepery has to pay its way.
5. Replacement limb or organ (€200–1,500). If this goes much further, we’ll strip these huskfolk down to brains and stems.
6. Implantable skill from Long Ago; oldtechnician, biomancer, forcefield manipulator, or worse. How long has this Mega been dreaming in this dusty autosleeper?

RECUSERS

conflicted, fledfolk

More cursed are the Recusers whose word is Raiš, the Head, for they thought themselves wiser than the Lords and thus brought poverty and humiliation upon themselves. They refused the Garden Path and chose the Vale of Thorns; averting their souls from the old-gifted technologies and choosing hard lives upon the New Soil.

Once, the Gardens welcomed those who tired of this path. Now, with the Gardens all grown over, many Recusers, gone feral over lonely eons, have returned to dominate as vampires and warbarians, nomads and heretics.

IN ATTRIBUTE

Level	2 (1d4)	**Number**	1 or a handful of 1d4+1
Life	15 (+5 per level)	**Aspect**	annealed, strange
Morale	9 (torment brave)	**Call**	timelost, eroded, derived, derisive
Defense	17 (wargrown threads)	**Desire**	domination, spoliation, evolution, translation
Bonus	+6	**Ethic**	hedonic
Damage	1d8 wildtech or 1d10 psychescholic	**Mind**	feral, edited, spliced, excised
Special	Affinity for fantascience powers and artifacts. Odd immunity to ordinary Garden technologies. Unusual susceptibility to common human item.	**Spoils**	exotic trophy face (€20–200), biomantic modification flesh (€500 / stone), fantascience amplification talisman (€3,000)

IN CHARACTER

Refusal's Echo. Your ancestors' choice echoes in your source code. Once per session, spend a hero die to refuse the effects of an oldtech or fantascience power. Also, gain +1 ward.

AVERT YOUR EYES FROM THIS REFUSED ONE

1. Vampiric, they have found abmortality by absorbing the vital bodily fluids of other, softer humans.
2. Barbaric, they have embraced the wildness of the Vast.
3. Nomadic, they no longer believe in the preciousness of polis and the sacrality of soil.
4. Heretic, they have hacked the oldtech and fantascience gifts of the Dream Lords for their own ends.
5. Splitter who spliced themselves with the beasts, becoming somehow half-human. Both more and less at once.
6. Archaic, they have excised all the magic of oldtech from their source codes, gaining a level of immunity to the gifts of the Builders and the powers of their priests.

…IT IS BARELY HUMAN NOW

1. Its head double-jawed or voidbat-eared or radiation-proof or slit-scored in visible judgment of its flawed codes.
2. Double-muscled like some prize dog-bull or meat-giver, it lifts iridium war rods like match-sticks.
3. Thrice-jointed its limbs are spidery things of hardened skin and augmented sinews to stride the steppes with speed.
4. It smiles sweetly, all angelic, but neither Inquisitor nor Phylake could detect either mind or soul inside its skull.
5. Beast-headed, its mind radiates on its voice, dreaming of melting together with others of its kind, an over-mind.
6. Its eyes all-white, its teeth all-jade, its blood awash with servant amoebozoa to flush aside the holy blood machines of the Builders and the wardtech of the Garden.

RECUSER'S RUMORS

1. Charn Anka. A dress voidsuit coated in charnel dust hides her glass-skinned body. Her eyes, like mesmeric pools, would command your service: a simple courier duty.
2. Di Keras. Their cornute logo make you uneasy when they offer their vat-made mind-free mercenaries for rent.
3. Hodd Tlekotek. The wandering talk-poet is said to skewer lesser wits with his sharp words. For board and kindness, he'll tell you of places that never were but could be.
4. Nestert. In their five minds crawl psychic phages ready to corrupt and subvert priests and oldtech alike.
5. Sung Pook. Half-feline, half-canine, all-human. Looking for a new friend for an adventure to the Egg of Perdition.
6. Logoduke Feign Carcass IV. In their bowels they bear a clone of the Green Sun to reignite the Undying Human Empire.

… AND STRANGE REWARDS

1. Heretic's Joke. Illegal humor fantascience deals 1d6 psychic damage when heard for the first time.
2. Ingestible Modisome (modification servant mechanism). Enhances smell, hearing, or vision, at the cost of a little bit of humanity. Low risk of vometic corruption.
3. Tamed Error. Drains psychic integrity (-1 aur) but halves the price of fantascience powers. Cannot be removed.
4. House of the Steppe. Portable herbivorous yurt. Three rooms. Folds itself into a sack. Worth €4,000.
5. Bottled vatling (L1, vicious). Melts into bioplasm an hour after release, so use quickly. €300.
6. Egg Fragment. Spend a hero die to sublimate the fragment and repeat your last action as a free action.

ACCUSERS

nemesis, errorfolk

The heart of the jeweled gift was choice: life in the grace of the Canopy or acceptance of the darkness and the lie. The word for the Accusers is Nahš, the Fish-Snake, for they are the worst of humans. Wretched, destructive creatures who slander the Dream of stealing their purpose, their lives, their very cosmos. Most dissipate, harmless as radiation ghosts, into the Wilderness beyond the Circle of the Garden, but some remain as parasites and traitors in the heart of civilization.

Yet, the Dream Lord's kindness extended even to these vain saboteurs, giving them the Illusion rather than Death and allowing them their allotted years in synthetic pleasure. Today, with the Dream Lords' absent and the processing power of Heaven reduced, the Inquisition finds other solutions for the Dark Ones.

IN ATTRIBUTE

Level	3 (1d6)	**Number**	1 or a cell of 1d3+1
Life	20 (+5 per level)	**Aspect**	inviting, inquisitive, fair, concerned
Morale	6 (merely human)	**Call**	asking, precise, divisive, incisive, tempting
Defense	17 (wargrown threads)	**Desire**	understand, explain, control, command
Bonus	+7	**Ethic**	amoral
Damage	2d6 reality subdivision	**Mind**	unlocked, untrammeled, chaotic, faustian
Special	Resistance to illusions, hallucinations, curses, invisibilities, glamours, enchantments, bribery blandishments, and addictions.	**Spoils**	hidden record tablets (€50–€5,000), forbidden power fiches (€400–€20,000), single-use oldtech disruptor (€3,000)

IN CHARACTER

Precarious Insight. Spend a hero die to ask the Referee one direct question about a system, secret, or truth—they answer honestly. Roll that die; you must make a danger roll against the result. Once per session, spend an action to end a mental affliction affecting you.

SEE, THIS ACCUSER!

1. Philosophe, who denies the spiritual truth of human creation. Each day they spit on their box for youths to make sport of them with spoiled vat meat giblets.
2. Nihilist, who slaves their soul to pleasure and coin. They mouth the platitudes of faith, but sell humans for beasts.
3. Renegade, a killer of humans, an eater of souls. They would live forever, as though this is something they could choose?
4. Sturdy yeoman with heart all rotten, a vessel for the maggot in the meat, faithless and untrustworthy.
5. Corrupt, they have eaten of the dragon and become human in skin only, their soul and mind alien and twisted.
6. Sorcerer who, in their pursuit of old, forbidden knowledge, now claims that the gods were but humans of an elder age!

…IT WOULD THWART YOUR PATH!

1. Their false asceticism hides a terrible fantascience to mimic the precious powers of the Gods.
2. They claim prophetic powers, suggest a coming Over-Man to topple the Lords and the Phylakes.
3. The cunning snake, the living ghoul, they sell new lives to the rich, false memories to the poor, to upset our order.
4. They wear the mantle of heroics, but tragedy and hubris dog their steps. In victory, they will destroy all.
5. All innocent, mumming the friendly fool, but in truth it is plotting and scheming to steal your home and hearth.
6. Kindled by a mad fire, they seek to usurp a Dragon in the Sky who wields the Heart and Horn of the Unicorn to command the Fast Stars. Clearly, they cannot win through.

ENTICEMENTS FOR FOOLS

1. Bless't Akaula XXVII. In dress and manner a Fine, but their ploy to march through the Institutions, slay the Mother Machine, and set Humanity free? Highest heresy!
2. Ta Dalgba. Sleeping in their cryosarc, their dreams call to you, promise a better world with their knowledge.
3. N'dara Succu. Surviving on cactus juice and star fire in the airless heights, they had a vision of a Vault of Liberations.
4. Kromayon An Hortu. A gardener of heroes, the three-bodied Kromayon wants to steal a Phylake's mind, march it across the mountains and start a free city.
5. Dursi Odd Derrick. A barely trained musician, they are rousing the orimonates against the orderly administration.
6. Four Eisen. A golem zealot, they believe an Older Instance can replace the Gods and restore true bodies to all men.

… AND TERRIBLE TREASURES

1. A farm with falschers and vats and burdenbeasts, across the mountains, where folks are free.
2. Permanent insight (+3 thought) at the cost of justified paranoia (burden). Remove the burden, lose the insight.
3. Chlorosolar upgrade. Every day that you get a full hour of sunlight, you recover life equal to your level automatically.
4. New eyes. Spend 1 life to see through illusions, delusions, hallucinations, holograms, or obscuring fogs for an hour.
5. Book of the Liberated Mind (€500–5,000). Heretical tome of illegal mind viruses. Once a week, spend an hour reading it to remove a mental burden or answer a question.
6. Dragon Scale (€250). Press it against an oldtech system or monster to put it to sleep for an hour. Works once.

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THE EIGHT FORMS

The projector rattles again and the illuminator projects the "*Wheel of Bodies*" by the Third Victorious onto the canvas, even in reproduction the ancient holograph eliciting gasps. The clacker chuckles and continues.

"Yes, impressive. No Human today can paint in light as did the Higher Chalcocephalics, not for want of talent but because our bodies are not made of hard light. We shall proceed from the second hour of Third Victorious's morning, 'round the Wheel, tracing our way from the Basefolk to the Ultras."

IRON HUMANS

also: basefolk, sourcelings

The protomorphs of humanity, from the sylphen Elfs to the robust Gnawers, from the gnomic Half-Lings to the machine-wired Cybrechts, these humans are labeled Iron for they are unchanging and unchanged, fixed in body and shape.

Once, when the Garden was vibrant, this term marked those who eschewed canopic jewels and other abmortality oldtech in an ostentatious show of bravery or zealotry—an adolescent phase, like education, rebellion, or capitalism.

Today, many recusers proudly tout their iron human credentials. Not to be confused with machine humans.

FORGED INTO A FIXED HUMANITY

1. Pudgy, stout, and self-satisfied. Perfectly adapted to small-town suburban life.
2. Lean, honed, and sharp. A true survivor. This one has no need of the Phylakes' anti-war.
3. Sculpted like an ancient god, through hard work, pharmacology, and discrete fantascience.
4. Gnarled like an old pine, twisted but unbroken in their pursuit of independent knowledge and power.
5. Devout and devoted to their pursuit of fundamental, authentic humanity.
6. An augmented adventurer, defiantly risking death to prove they are alive.

IN ATTRIBUTE

Level	1 (1d6)	**Number**	1d4 or a band of 2d20
Life	8 (+4 per level)	**Aspect**	fixed, plebeian, ageing
Morale	7 (surprisingly steely)	**Call**	rough, hardy, weedy
Defense	12 (adapted hides)	**Desire**	live free, die trying
Bonus	+4	**Ethic**	tribal
Damage	1d8 scavenger tools	**Mind**	limited, archaic, stolid
Special	Resistance to polymorphisms, mutations, transformations, and oldtech or fantascience	**Spoils**	pre-Forgetting relics (€5–€5,000), restricted blue-coded technifacts (€500), human-made tools (€50)

IN CHARACTER

Basal. Gains +1 defense and ward, adds their endurance to all corruption rolls. However, increases the price of all fantascience and oldtech powers by 1.

LICHES

also: abmortals, the chosen

The undying, the unending, the perfected. Bodies perfected by oldtech beyond mortality and decay. Personalities backed up against catastrophe. Once, the only sensible choice for any human following the Garden Protocols.

Now, so few remain. In many cultures the use of abmortality oldtech is the mark of cowardice and moral failure. Still, one finds liches; from the oldest of houses to the strangest of new cult-clans.

LO, FOR THEY ARE DEATHLESS

1. An ancestor, much withered, animated by oldtech electrics and the will in their jewel.
2. A body of bone and machinery and synthetic flesh. One would think golem, or undead. But no.
3. Twins? No, clones, both slaved to the same jewel, for twice the experiences, merged by machine.
4. A fresh-faced jugend, still clumsy as their jewel implants.
5. An ordinary man or woman, proud of the homestead and picket fence and garden they have preserved these seventy, eighty mortal generations.
6. A flimsy, disposable body. The more important body and the jewel are remote and protected.

IN ATTRIBUTE

Level	3 (2d4)	**Number**	1 or a family of 1d4
Life	12 (+3 per level)	**Aspect**	ageless, angelic, adonic, perfected, polished
Morale	3 (determined to live)	**Call**	polyphonic, harmonic
Defense	20 (antentropic silks)	**Desire**	survive, live, thrive, enjoy, experience
Bonus	+4	**Ethic**	hyper-individualistic
Damage	1d12 forcefield fantasciences	**Mind**	arcane, ancient, idiosyncratic, quaint
Special	Immune to disease, decay, toxins, poisons, venoms, parasites, and mundane dirt. If killed, the body repairs and reanimates in 1d6 hours. If destroyed, a new body is decanted and the personality restored from backup in 1d6 days.	**Spoils**	random access memories (€10–€1,000), usable canopic jewel (€20,000), 1d6 undying organs (€2,500 each)

IN CHARACTER

Abmortality Animalcules. Microscopic biomechanical friends in all your tissues restore you after dire injury. Regenerate 1 life per level per hour. If killed, revive after 1d6 hours with 1 life. Gain +2 defense.

Jewel Backup. Every night, your star downloads your mind. If you are destroyed, you revive in your chosen backup body in 1d6 days, restored from your backup. Gain +2 ward.

DWARVES

also: dewerkers, maintainers

Engineered from selected maintainer base-castes, the various dwarfer phenotypes were modified in body and psyche to embrace an identity of labor and industry, souls folded to fit the needs of the Machine.

In the days when the Canopy was untattered, the dwarves had no voices, serving the Builders' thoughts and whims as transmitted through the universal noösphere. Then, their word was delta, the fourth in hierarchy and lesser in categorical humanity; but with time's decay they threw away their category and worked themselves into a changed humanity.

THE HUMAN DOING

1. A knuckle-walker, they brachiate among the pipes and ducts and tubes of the oldtech autofacs.
2. An adonis, hard work and a functional diet rather than nutrislop has made them tall and strong.
3. A sparkfinger, engineered with senses for electrical and magical fields to help repair machines.
4. This one likes to work so much because they were biomanced without the ability to feel boredom.
5. A sun-worshipper, they are proud of the lowly bronze their skin has taken toiling the fields.
6. A pale code monkey, they dwell in the humming guts of the noösphere's support sewers.

IN ATTRIBUTE

Level	1 (1d4*)	**Number**	1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 11 or more
Life	10 (+5 per level)	**Aspect**	adapted, fitted, hardened, tooled
Morale	8 (mechanical)	**Call**	geometric, mechanical
Defense	15 (silksteel boilersuit and hardplaz armor)	**Desire**	work, master, perfect, repair, toil, order
Bonus	+4	**Ethic**	functionalist
Damage	1d8 maintainer power tools	**Mind**	obsessive, patient, unflagging, orderly
Special	Immune to boredom.	**Spoils**	superior tools (€100), functioning oldtech device (€500)

IN CHARACTER

System Mastery. You intuitively understand engineered and designed systems, whether technological or biomechanical, tiny or enormous. Skilled at system repair or optimization tasks. Spend a hero die to gain instant insight into how to repair a broken mechanism.

PLASTICS

also: plastifastics, skinchangers

Some embraced the biomantic potential inherent in their sculpted flesh. They made themselves protean and malleable; meat-brick humans made, re-made, changed, and transformed.

Of old, the Dream Canopy kept a firm leash on the plastics' terrible arts and unclean sciences, but with the Lords' departure, the skinchangers have been creeping back into the Garden like a pestilent mold.

THIS SOFT PERSON

1. A rheosarc, their flesh is protean even if their bones are not. Their appearance and form adjusts to match their task.
2. A falliment, a grotesque. Their interventions have destabilized their source code. Now, absent ongoing oldtech intervention, they suffer tumors and ailments.
3. A varnavikari, a color-changer. Their coloration varies with their moods and needs. In some societies, they stand out, in others, they blend in.
4. A varvi doll. Their astounding beauty is like that of the blue moon orchid; fragile and dependent on care and attention.
5. An ereunt, a raw-person. To the untrained eye, they seem ordinary. But for a biomancer or reanimator, they are a rare treat, easy to modify and transform, a perfect subject.
6. An impressibile, an easy-person. Their humanity is conditional on their upbringing. Raised with monsters, they grow into monsters; suitably trained with machines, they become spectacular factory laborers.

IN ATTRIBUTE

Level	1 (1d6*)	**Number**	1 or a coterie of 2d6
Life	6 (+3 per level)	**Aspect**	flowing, soft, forgettable, impermanent, shifty
Morale	6 (unsteady)	**Call**	melodious, gurgling, liquid, psittacine
Defense	11 (thickened skin and flowing tresses)	**Desire**	change, adapt, infiltrate, perforate, assimilate
Bonus	+5	**Ethic**	mercurial
Damage	1d6 needles and knives	**Mind**	unsteady, liquid, impressionable
Special	Resistant to charms, deceptions, and lies. Easily missed or forgotten in a crowd.	**Spoils**	wearable skins (€1–100), spare face (€200), illegal books (€5–5,000)

IN CHARACTER

Mutable. When you suffer corruption, you do not gain a burden, nor do you lose ability points or life. A random corruption (VLG p.99) occupies one of your trait or inventory slots. You can spend a hero die to change this or another corruption into a different, random corruption over 1d6 hours. Spend two hero dice to choose the new corruption.

FERALS

also: hoy exoy, warbarians, quarter-lings

The lost children of humanity, of diverse lineages born or grown outside the Garden Protocols, their neurosystems unsuited to the jewels of higher Humanity and the noösphere of the Dream Lords' walled garden reality built as Heaven for the deserving.

Many of these sour-grape humans claimed they shunned these gifts by choice. True or false, their disability proved a boon Long Long Ago when the Dream Canopy shut down for temporary maintenance in the Era of the Snow White Sky.

FEIGN ATTENTION, A FERAL

1. Upgraded with strange protective machinery that is anathema to the Garden Path. This prome is one code error away from becoming a vome.
2. Constitutionally stunted by dozens of generations in a nutrient-poor environment, this human is very small.
3. Biosphere symbiote, grown together with their alien ecology, they have useful algal and fungal colonies growing on and within them.
4. They were adapted to a hard environment, with a physique to match. Quite over-engineered for polite society.
5. This human is clearly an uplifted fox. Or jackal. Something with big ears. It even has several fluffy tails!
6. Oh, come on, and this one straight up has a dog's head.

IN ATTRIBUTE

Level	1 (1d3*)	**Number**	1d4 or a pack of 3d6
Life	10 (+5 per level)	**Aspect**	adapted, animalistic, atavistic, prehistoric
Morale	8 (fool's courage)	**Call**	howling, yowling, laughing, hissing
Defense	14 (adapted chitins)	**Desire**	life, freedom, glory, honor, respect
Bonus	+5	**Ethic**	simple
Damage	1d6 simple machines and bioadaptations	**Mind**	old-fashioned, basic, precursor, direct
Special	Unusually acute senses (choose 2): smell, sight, hearing, touch, electroreception, thermoreception, mechanoreception, echolocation, or spectral vision.	**Spoils**	valuable fur (€20–€600), cultic relic (€100), heresitechnical vomish or lingish device (€200)

IN CHARACTER

Atavistic. Cannot use oldtech or the noösphere without complicated devices like dream helmets, sensory suits, or full-body virtual rebuilds. However, their constant exposure to the base reality of the hylosphere grants their physical bodies inhuman capabilities: +1 to strength, agility, and endurance; and ability maximums increased by 1 (to 6, typically).

GOLEMS

also: synthetic humans

Minds translated beyond fallible organic shells, embracing a synthetic similitude of the Great Minds' ensarcs to dwell in jewels cradled within armored ur-matter cores, protected from most bodily death. About, they drape new flesh of gold and crystal and stone and liquid metal.

Now, the buildertech to make new minds *ex novo* is almost entirely lost and golem minds are copied from existing ones purged of irrelevant memories, reset to factory conditions. The other option, taking living minds from living bodies, produces neurotics and psychotics, ill-suited to sustained life and labor.

'GARD, A GOLEM!

1. A pleasure golem, they feel—and inspire more feelings—than any mere flesh human ever could.
2. A sentient vehicle. Was there once an individual before they gained their wheels? Or was it a mind-clone?
3. A thinking house. Were they once its master or its slave?
4. An engine of combat, their synthetic shell permitted by the grand phylakes. What restraints allow this to be?
5. A labor golem, they do the work of 10 men. Were they sentenced to this state, or did they choose it in the hope they could buy luxury and a fresh body after they retired?
6. A broken golem, destroyed in battle or attack. Can they not afford to repair their shell? Imagine that, trapped in a decrepit shell for decades, centuries even!

7. A basic model, weaker and slower than flesh. Was this all they could afford? What ailment took their first body?
8. A synthetic body of gleaming skin and iron muscles, wreathed in force fields and golden resistors. This is truly a scion's form, a golem that fallen tribes out in the feral wilds could worship.

IN ATTRIBUTE

Level	2 (1d6*)	**Number**	1 or hexadecade of d16
Life	24 (+8 per level)	**Aspect**	synthetic, machined, artificial, heavy, metal
Morale	9 (spared death)	**Call**	clicking, flashing, sparking, modulated
Defense	19 (hardened shell)	**Desire**	mission, protocol, laws, dreams, illegal freedom
Bonus	+6	**Ethic**	hard-wired
Damage	1d10 integrated human subjugation tools	**Mind**	empty, naive, purged, neurotic, psychotic
Special	Resistant to physical damage. Easy transfer between bodies.	**Spoils**	glitterparts (€50–€5,000), integral tools (€5–€500), working jewel (€5,000)

IN CHARACTER

Armored Jewel. Your mind is unharmed by most forms of bodily destruction. Your shell, however, is another matter.

Shell-Wearer. Your body is not you. You may replace or modify parts without sacrificing your identity. However, absent human pleasures and pains, your mind drifts, fragments, and corrupts.

MACHINE HUMANS

also: chalcocephalics, wireheads

Now very rare, this late morph of humanity eschews all original biology for technomechanical polish. Their minds and souls are not derived, born, or inherited; but fully created by the Builders' generative power then meshed with with bodies woven from the dust of the Given World. Fleshless, bloodless, boneless. Yet, they laugh and grieve, hunger and die.

Not to be confused with iron humans. Very different.

THIS ARTIFICIAL PERSON

1. Living metal and machine logic cloaked in human flesh.
2. A bio-construct so perfect, one would need a microscope to realize each of their cells is synthetic.
3. A hard-light entity, a physically-interacting hologram. A machine ghost made solid.
4. No pretense of feeble flesh, but no golem either. This mechanical creature is a different species. Is it wrong to tolerate it as human?
5. A wonderful simulacrum of human form in clockwork, brass, glass, and dense force fields.
6. Microfusion core, adamantium harness, anti-gravity organelles, silicorganic composite muscles, porcelain skin. Flesh folk shouldn't punch this one.

IN ATTRIBUTE

Level	3 (1d4*)	**Number**	1 or batch of 1d3+1
Life	24 (+6 per level)	**Aspect**	polished, strange, luminous, archaic
Morale	5 (gracefully absent)	**Call**	mellifluous, historic, chimeric, singing
Defense	17 (artificial flesh)	**Desire**	curiosity, dogma, preservation, persistence
Bonus	+8	**Ethic**	idiosyncratic
Damage	1d8 elegant weapons	**Mind**	smooth, light, translucent, deep, strange, eating
Special	Resistant to mental damage. Accelerated reactions. Improved initiative. Slow healing.	**Spoils**	elegant shell (€20,000), heirloom tools (€2,000), beautiful eyes (€1,500)

IN CHARACTER

Dust-Woven. Neither poison nor sickness, age nor Fog may claim you. The Dream Lords do not see your soul; the noösphere reaches within and finds nothing to hold. But you heal only slowly, without the repairs you were expected to find.

GHOSTS

also: ultracorporeals

Numberless hosts sought a kind of immortality in the divine dream machine, in the infinite noösphere, beyond flesh or steel. These became the ghosts, the would-be spirits of Eternity.

Alas, with harsh aeons even the crystal memories of the Cosmos did decay and whole lineages were corrupted. Others escaped the noösphere to become minds parasitic, human daemons who wear borrowed flesh to walk the Given World.

EVERY SHADE HAS A TALE

1. They haunt the machines of this town. Like an immanence of generations past.
2. Born in a portal error, they now wander bodiless, hopping from shell to shell. Even a toaster will do.
3. Stored in a slow moorland, to them one of our hours is a minute. Alas, the poor, who can not afford better substrates.
4. Free-floating in the noösphere, they are a parasite, stealing processing power to survive. An electric vampire.
5. A radiation ghost, trapped in a loop, stuck reliving the same moment of destruction over and over. Are they mad yet?
6. A time-traveler by design, they awaken copies of themselves at random intervals to see if the world is interesting enough to return to.
7. A hedonist, rewriting themselves to maximize their joys. They've been at it so long, they're barely human now.
8. A servant, with barely any rights of their own, their mind is reset as needed.

IN ATTRIBUTE

Level	1 (1d8-1)	**Number**	1 or batch of 1d3+1
Life	4 (+2 per level)	**Aspect**	translucent, changeable, insubstantial, possessive
Morale	7 (alien-flickering)	**Call**	electrimagical, haunting, echoing, static
Defense	16 (flitting diffusion)	**Desire**	error, survival, false hope, reincarnation, duty
Bonus	+8	**Ethic**	trapped
Damage	1d4 psychic burdens	**Mind**	slow, stuttering, glitched, cunning, post-human
Special	Immune to physical damage. Oldtech purge to repair or destroy.	**Spoils**	haunting visions (€0), dissipating essence (€5), valuable guidance (€100)

IN CHARACTER

Insubstantial. You are immune to physical damage. Some oldtech or fantascience attacks can harm or even destroy you.

Haunting. Nearby machines flicker and glitch. Spend 1 life to seize control of a device or golem for a round. (1-in-3 ghosts)

Borrow Flesh. You may possess a willing or weakened host. Spend 1 HD or 1d6 life. The possession lasts until you choose to leave or the host falls asleep or unconscious. (1-in-6 ghosts)

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time’s arrow hunts
all men

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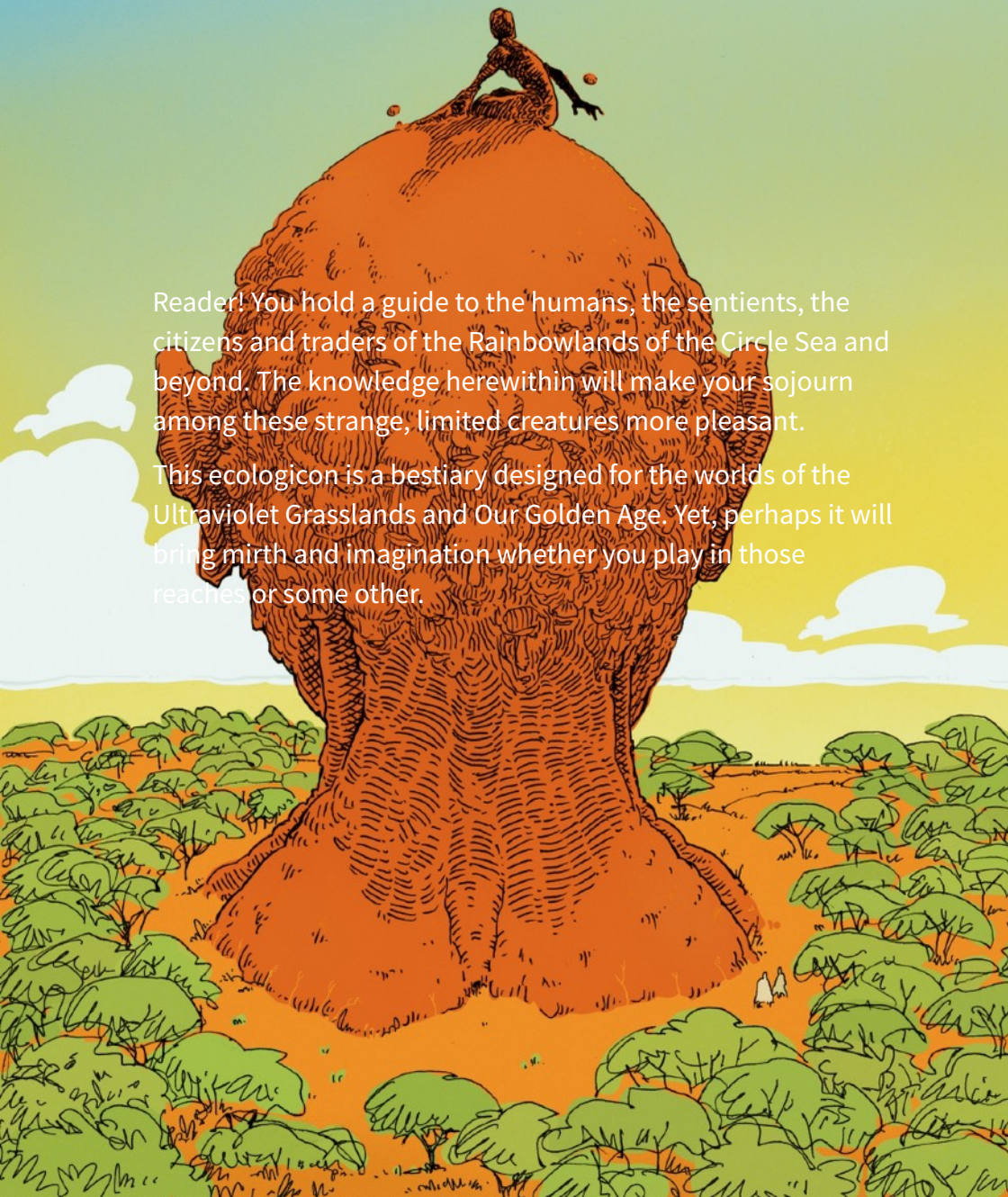

Reader! You hold a guide to the humans, the sentients, the citizens and traders of the Rainbowlands of the Circle Sea and beyond. The knowledge herewithin will make your sojourn among these strange, limited creatures more pleasant.

This ecologicon is a bestiary designed for the worlds of the Ultraviolet Grasslands and Our Golden Age. Yet, perhaps it will bring mirth and imagination whether you play in those reaches or some other.